

Moonlight Goodbye

by Josephine

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Summary: About Rob, written in 15 minutes :)

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The moon was full. Moonlight bathed the abandoned graveyard. The headstones were virtually unreadable; the weather had beaten them smooth. A lone figure, in his twenties stood, humbly at the stones he was facing. The first stone was the oldest; the chiseled Fritz Bhaer was barely visible. The man knelt there first. Flowers seemed too fleeting for so serious a night. The man spoke quietly, afraid to disturb the peace. "Father. I hardly knew you, but you loved me, and I loved you. I wish you could see what I've become. I am a teacher just like you were. I miss you, Father. I wish you could be here to hold me. I feel so lost now. Hold me Father." He lay himself down over the grave. Quiet tears began running down his face. He wondered out loud if he could make it to the next stone.

After a sense of calm washed over him, he stood and stepped over to the next grave. These two were newly cut, so he could easily read Josephine Bhaer-Riley. His mother had taught him even more than college ever could have. She told him about life. Living in a house that was also a home to all his mother's students had never been easy, but his mother had made the transition as easy as possible and every day had been an adventure they would explore together. But, while he was away at college, and epidemic had swept through the town, hitting the school full force. Several of Jo's current students had died, and loving Mrs. Jo went with them. Everyone who had ever known her was grief stricken. She had been a light to everyone, who was taken for granted. She had just always been there, unfaltering. Then, suddenly, she was gone, taking everyone's hearts, some souls, and Annalise with her. Anna had stolen his heart. Sweet, fragile Anna had been an instant victim to the epidemic. Tears were now streaming openly down his face; his hands came up to his eyes to try to offer comfort to himself. Anna was the third grave.

An older man walked solemnly up the path to the man. Placing a worn hand on his shoulder he asked, "Rob, are ya ready ta go home?"

Rob turned to him. "Yeah, Nick. Dad."

The pair returned to Plumfield, the home that held history, loss, and love, and two men finally identifying themselves as father and son. The only light in Rob's room came from the moon. He turned to close the curtains. "Goodbye." He whispered. The moonlight carried his heart's cry to heaven.

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